

Love for the Captain

By: VenomBat22

Fandom: harry potter

Summary: In Harry's 5th Year, he has a romantic relationship with Angelina Johnson, his Captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch Team. What awaits him? M for smut and language. Harry/Angelina pairing only

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Pairings/Main char.: Harry P., Angelina J.

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1. Chapter 1

Set in a time-line where Voldemort/Tom Riddle does not exist.

Harry Potter was spending the last month of summer at The Burrow, the residence of the Weasley family. His parents, James and Lily, had allowed him to spend the last month of the summer holiday there every year since he started school at the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. His best friend, Ron Weasley, lived there with Molly and Arthur, his parents, Fred and George, his twin brothers, and Ginny, his little sister. The three oldest brothers all worked away from home.

Percy worked at the Ministry of Magic and shared an apartment with his girlfriend of three years: Penelope Clearwater. Charlie was over in Romania, studying dragons while dating a native girl. Bill Weasley, who was the oldest sibling, worked at Gringotts over in Africa. The three all kept in contact with the family to let them know how they were. Harry met Charlie only once, Percy multiple times, and has never met Bill.

Early one August morning, Harry awoke to see that Ron was still sound asleep and snoring as loudly as a growling Blast-Ended Skrewt. Very quietly he started getting dressed and put on normal street clothes. Today was the middle of August and Harry came to realize that he needed to get some Quidditch practice in so that the new Captain wouldn't end up replacing him with a sucky Seeker. He grabbed his newly bought Firebolt from the closet and headed out to the Quidditch field that the Weasley's had some distance from their home. When he got there, he saw Ginny, Fred, and George. George looked down after passing the Quaffle to Ginny.

"Freddy, looks like Mr. Golden Seeker has decided to join us."

"About time!" said Fred. "We was worried you didn't want to be Seeker again."

"The day that happens is the day you two will give up pulling pranks." he climbed a top his Firebolt and jetted up to the others.

"Hey Ginny. How are you this morning?" Harry asked the shy 4th Year Gryffindor.

"Fine," she said quietly. "Was Ron still sleeping when you came out?"

"Yeah, bloke's the most annoying snorer I ever met."

"Yeah, he could wake up our great-great-great-great-great Uncle Fredrick." laughed George.

"So, you guys got your Snitch?" Harry asked them. George reached into his pocket and grabbed their run down Snitch, a small golden ball that had fluttering wings. He let it go and Harry set off to capture it.

An hour later, Harry had captured the Snitch nearly six times, a new record in his mind. When practice was done, he and the Weasley children got off their brooms and headed back to The Burrow where Mrs. Weasley was preparing breakfast. One at a time, the four began showering, getting clean for the days events.

Sitting down and waiting for his plate of eggs, bacon, and toast, he had a sudden thought about a girl he knew: Angelina Johnson. They were friends and both on the Gryffindor Quidditch Team, but that was all they were:

friendly teammates. Still, he couldn't but think about what she looked like on a normal day.

Angelina was black, tall, had a perfect figure, but had a hot temper about her. Harry rarely ever saw this temper, but knew it wasn't good. Imagining her breasts, he remembered a solid size D, a breast size he REALLY loved. His stomach began twitching with nervousness and he attempted to undress her with his mind, but couldn't. She had gone with Fred to the Yule Ball last year, but didn't know if they were still a things.

"Fred?" Harry asked. Fred and George looked at him. "What ever happened to you and Angelina?"

"After the Yule Ball, we kinda broke it off after I hit on her. You know how it is. Some girls like it while others don't. Why you ask? You fancy her or something?"

"No!" he said quickly. "I was just thinking about the Gryffindor team and remember you asking her to the Ball. Didn't know what happened afterward."

"Well, now you know Harry!"

After breakfast, Harry decided to communicate with Angelina, the girl that was on his mind. He sat in Ron's room and began writing a letter to her. In minutes, it was done and he still felt the butterflies in his stomach flutter around and cause chaos. He read it aloud.

Dear Angelina,

How have you been this summer? I for one have been very good. Recently been practicing my Seeker skills and hope that no one tries out for the position this year. Been spending August with my friend Ron Weasley. It's been fun

and exciting and I learned about what happened between you and Fred after the Yule Ball. I'm sorry and hope you find that special guy before you graduate. Hope to hear from you soon,

Harry Potter

When it was finished, he folded it up and placed it in an envelope and addressed to her from the Burrow. Getting downstairs, he saw that Ron was eating breakfast while Fred and George were in the living room, organizing plans for their own joke shop. Ginny was helping her mom with dishes and Mr. Weasley was still at work. He walked outside and approached Hedwig, his white snow owl, who was on a owl perch. He attached the letter to her leg and pet her.

"Hedwig, take it to Angelina Johnson."

The owl extended its wings and began flying away. Harry hoped she would reply with an answer, but didn't get his hopes up. When he walked back in, he was blocked by Fred and George. He got nervous about what they wanted.

"Who'd you send the letter to Harry?" asked George.

"How do you know I sent a letter?"

"Harry, being mischievous is our trade and when you do it, it just begs trouble." said Fred. "Who'd you send a letter to?"

"Angelina Johnson."

"Why?" they both asked at the same time.

"I never talk to her besides Quidditch practice and I wanted to see how she was doing."

"Is that the truth?" asked George.

"Yes," he lied. Truthfully, he wanted to talk to her and maybe get a date with her if she shared feelings for him.

"Well, have fun then." said Fred. "Try not to get on her bad side. It is NOT pretty." they both left to do their work.

Harry went to the kitchen and sat down, thinking deeply about what he had just done. Ginny gave him awkward looks every few minutes, but said nothing. The only person he could confess to was Mrs. Weasley, but she was busy with the dishes. Minutes later, Ginny left to go pick berries for a pie that her mum was going to make. Harry was along with her and decided to take this opportunity to confide in her.

"Mrs. Weasley?"

"Yes Harry?" she asked, cleaning the water from her hands.

"Can I talk to you about something?"

"Of course. Anything dear." she sat down next to him.

"I... send a letter to a girl that I..."

"Like?"

"Really like."

"That's wonderful dear! Who is she?"

"Angelina Johnson."

"The twins told me about her. She seems like a fine girl."

"I don't know what I should do about it. My gut gets all fluttery when I think about her and I wanna ask her out,

but..."

"Not sure if she feels the same?"

"Yeah," he confessed.

"Get to know her better before heading in and saying you like her. Girls like that a bond forms before emotion."

"What if she doesn't feel the same after all that?"

"Move on. You can't get hung up on one person forever."

"Makes sense. Thanks Mrs. Weasley."

"You are very welcome." she said before kissing his forehead and leaving for outside.

*Hope you liked Chapter 1! More to come and hopefully you like it! If you have ideas or suggestions, please tell me!
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2. Chapter 2

The next day, Harry was outside enjoying the bright sun when he was something coming toward him from the distance. He didn't expect to get a reply from Angelina so soon. Hedwig flew down onto her perch and had a reply from Angelina attached to her leg. He gave her an owl treat to thank her for a job well done. Harry stayed where he was and unrolled it before reading it.

Dear Harry,

I am utterly surprised you sent me a letter! Well, I am doing very good this summer. I was made Captain of the Gryffindor Team! How exciting is that?! In my own words, I can't express how amazing that is! I hope you've been practicing this summer. I'd hate to replace you! If you wanna get together and hang out before school, meet me in Diagon Alley tomorrow (After you receive this) at noon and we can. Hope to see you there Harry!

XOXO

Angelina Johnson,

When he finished reading it, Harry instantly became nervous. He knew he was aloud to use the Weasley's fireplace anytime he wished and this was a great chance to. When he saw Ron, Fred, and George coming out, he hid it away and walked toward them.

"Hey Harry," said Ron. "Wanna join us for practice?"

"Sure," he said nervously.

"You okay Potter?" Fred asked.

"Of course. Why wouldn't I be?"

"You were standing in front of Hedwig for a time." said George.

"She's my owl. I like to gaze at her beauty, maybe pet her a time or two."

"Okay, okay, no need to get your knickers in a frenzy! Grab your Firebolt and we'll get started."

"Okay,"

After practice, Harry was helping Mrs. Weasley with the laundry, something that took his mind off things for a while. He told her about Angelina's reply and she was very happy about the two of them getting together for a good day.

"But should it go further, what do I do?"

"How do you mean Harry?"

"What if she comes onto me?"

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No, bu-"

"Then let her. Oh, except if she has a boyfriend. You don't want to cross that line Harry. I know from experience."

"How?"

"Before Arthur and I left Hogwarts, he was with some floozy named Beatrice Dunglebomb. She wasn't the prettiest girl you ever saw, but she was the meanest. I knew she didn't deserve him, so I... 'took him off her hands', if you know what I mean."

"I'm sure I do Mrs. Weasley."

"Well, eventually she caught on and it wasn't pretty. Once it was all said and done, he left her for me and well... here we are."

"What happened to her?"

"As far as I know, he is one of those crabby cat ladies with no husband, no kids, no nothing."

"That's sad. You ever feel bad about it?"

"At first I did, but realized that it was probably for the best." She turned and saw an owl flying toward them. This owl was brown and old looking. "Errol with the post!" the owl landed near them and she took the letter off of his leg before he flew away. "Oh my! It appears that Ronald has a secret girlfriend I don't know about."

"Oh?" she showed him who it was from. "Padma Patil? I know her. She's a Ravenclaw and Parvarti's twin sister."

"RONALD WEASLEY!" she shouted.

Ron quickly ran into the house with a worried look on his face. When he saw his mom holding the letter, he knew he was in trouble. Apparently, he and Padma had been sending love letters to each other all summer, but haven't gotten together. Instead of scolding him, Mrs. Weasley told him to meet her in person and see where the relationship went from there.

Ron took the letter and went up to his room, possibly writing another letter. Harry finished with some chores and decided to go down to the creek. He need some alone time and it would be good for him. When he got there, he sat down and

just stared at the clear quiet water flowing by. The sun was going down and it was a beautiful sight. He laid down and looked up, falling asleep without even realizing it. Harry wasn't asleep for ten minutes when he felt someone above him. Opening his eyes, he saw that it was Ginny.

"Sleeping Harry?"

"Was I? Didn't realize it. What's up Ginny?"

"Just wanted to talk to you alone." she said as she laid down next to him.

"What for?"

"I never get a chance to with my brothers hanging around you all the time."

"True... so what's up?"

"Please don't be mad, but I read the letter you got from Angelina."

"It's okay. How do you feel about it Ginny?"

"I... don't know. I've never really been lucky with boys. Maybe I'm ugly."

"No you're not!" said Harry eccentrically. "Gin, you are a beautiful girl who's funny, smart, and always has a smile on her face. Any guy would be lucky to have you."

"Thanks Harry." her hand slowly went onto his and that was when she blushed a red that had never been seen before. She quickly took her hand away. "I-I'm sorry. I shouldn't have."

"It's fine. You ever been kissed?"

"No," she answered nervously.

Harry smiled, leaned in, and kissed her lips for a few second. The blushing she had remained the same, but Harry just laughed.

"How was that?"

"That was... nice." she said.

"I'm glad you liked it."

"Now... whatever happens, I can say my first kiss was from Harry Potter." they both remained silent for a while. "Was that your first kiss too Harry?"

"No," he admitted. "My first was from Cho Chang back in my third year. She wasn't my girlfriend or anything. It was what Muggles call 'Spin the Bottle' and it was okay. You and her are the only girls I ever kissed."

"I don't like Cho. She seems like the snobby cheerleader types."

"She's okay. Not my best friend, but a friend nonetheless."

"HARRY! GINNY! DINNER!" yelled Mrs. Weasley.

"Guess we should get going?" Ginny asked.

"Yeah, come on." he stood up and helped her up.

"Harry?" Ginny asked as they walked back.

"What is it?"

"You think we can keep this between us?"

"Of course." he smiled.

"And if things don't work with you and Angelina, maybe we could... date?"

"It's a deal Ginny."

"Promise?" she asked enthusiastically.

"Promise,"

She gave him a tight hug, but released as they reached the Burrow. After dinner, everyone headed off to bed. Harry felt his lips and remembered the kiss with Ginny and told himself her lips tasted like strawberries. Ron put away a bit of parchment and was excited about sending it to Padma the next day.

*This is solely a Harry/Angelina story, but it doesn't hurt to have a side love story even though he and Ginny won't end up together. Even though he was Ginny's first kiss, Angelina will be his 'first', which will be the end result of their first date. Who knows? Maybe these events will lead into Ginny becoming a jealous monster! Stay tuned!

*Also, if you have requests, let me know and I'll try to do my best to get them done. Aside from other fics and a job, I will do my best to upload them ASAP. Please Review, Follow, and Favorite!

3. Chapter 3

The next morning, Harry woke up and looked at Ron's alarm clock. It read 10:21 am! Even though he still had some hours to go, he quickly got dressed in his best street clothes and felt comfortable. He had clearly missed breakfast, but Mrs. Weasley didn't say anything. Grabbing a quick snack from the fridge, he decided to take a walk before going to see Angelina.

Munching on a delicious apple, he was making his way back to the Burrow nearly an hour later. Before he could go inside, Ginny stood in his way, looking innocent and precious. Harry didn't want to have her move, but he didn't have time to talk to her either.

"What is it Ginny?"

"It's just... do you think you'll have sex with Angelina after this date?"

"Who said it was a date?"

"Mum told me when I confided in her about my feelings."

"Well, to answer your question, I highly doubt we'll have sex. Most girls have the three or five date rule, which is to hold off that sort of thing."

"Oh," she looked up with a smile on her face. "Have fun."

"Thanks Gin." he said as she ran to her room.

Harry quickly reached the fireplace, grabbed some Floo Powder, and yelled "Diagon Alley!" In a flash of green fire, he vanished and felt the familiar sense of traveling through a portal to another world. In no time at all, he appeared in the

fireplace of Florish and Blotts. Harry brushed the dust and soot off of him and proceeded out of the store and began walking around.

Half an hour later, he came to a bench and sat down, waiting for Angelina. At first, he was sure she wouldn't show. "*Why would she? She's a Seventh Year, Captain, and a very popular girl. Why would she have time for someone like me?*" he thought. Looking at his watch, it was five past noon. Harry was about to leave when he was approached by a tall black girl.

"Hey Harry!"

"Hey Angelina." he said happily. "Didn't think you were gonna make it."

"Sorry about that." she confessed. "You know how we girls are when trying to decide on what to wear."

"Yeah," he chuckled. "So, what ya wanna do today?"

"Seeing as we have the whole day to ourselves, let's walk, eat, and end it all with a friendly drink at the Leaky Cauldron. You in?"

"Yeah!" he yelled.

After walking around Diagon Alley for half an hour, the two stopped by an ice cream parlor. Harry ordered a vanilla cone while Angelina got a strawberry cone. Sitting at a table, the licked their ice cream and continued talking like they were the oldest of friends.

"You happy about being Captain?" Harry asked her.

"You have no idea!" she said cheerfully. "I worked hard to get to my position and it finally paid off!"

"I'm Happy for ya." he said. "Umm..."

"You wanna know how it ended with me and Fred?"

"If you don't wanna say, it's ok-"

"No, no! Umm... when we left the Yule Ball last year, we went up to his dorm and went on his bed, but... I wasn't ready for him. True, I've had sex before, but I didn't feel anything for him. Truthfully, I only agreed to go with him because I felt sorry for him."

"Damn,"

"Yeah," she sighed. "It's all over now. I'm on a date with you, so I wouldn't call it a total loss."

"It's a date now, is it Angelina?"

"Did I say date? Slip of the tongue." she winked him seductively. "So Harry, when you made the team in your second year, why did you wanna join?"

"My dad was the best Seeker Gryffindor ever had. I wanted to see if I could make it as well."

"When I had detention, I was cleaning out some old files and I read on your dad. He wasn't the smartest student, but he was athletic and a mischief maker, like the Twins."

"Yeah, he told me that much. So, why'd you start playing Quidditch?"

"Mostly to get my parents upset."

"Unhappy childhood?"

"Not really, but they wanted me to be a nurse at St. Mungos or an Auror. Was a bite in their arse when I said I made the Quidditch team in my third year."

"I take it they weren't happy?"

"Fuck yeah! They were pissed off more than I thought. When they told me to resign, I told them no and they mysteriously laid off me about it. I still make the grades, but Quidditch is my favorite past time."

"Favorite team?"

"Honestly, I love Team USA. They have the hottest players! You?"

"My parents got me into England. They're okay, but I secretly prefer Ireland."

"I hear ya. Tell me Harry, you ever kiss a girl?"

"Kinda personal, isn't it?"

"Maybe... tell me anyway."

"Cho Chang and Ginny Weasley."

"The Ravenclaw slut and the Quiet Weasley. Not the best choices, but who cares?"

"How about you?"

"I for one, have never kissed girls, but the only guys I have kissed are Oliver, who I also lost my virginity to in our 5th Year, Fred, and George."

"At separate times?"

"Obviously. I'm not one of those bimbos that juggles guys around like bowling pins."

"I hear ya."

"You involved with Hermione?"

"Granger? Oh, no! We're just friends. I have no romantic interest in her at all."

"Good to hear. Did you know that she has a thing for you?"

"She does? How do you know?"

"We girls talk. Hell, most of the 5th, 6th, and 7th year girls like you. You are basically the next Cedric Diggory."

"Ever date him?"

"Nope. Never kissed, never fucked, hell, he never looked at me."

"Any interest?"

"A little, but he never noticed, so fuck him!" she laughed.

"Any girls you have an eye out for, Potter?"

"Some, but one has caught my eye recently."

"Really? Who?"

"Oh, I think she knows." he winked at her.

"Harry James Potter, you dog! Are you flirting with me?"

"Depends,"

"On what?"

"If you like being flirted with."

"Only with guys I'm attracted to."

"Are you attracted to me Angelina?"

"Maybe,"

They continued talking for another three hours before being asked to leave for being too loud. When they left, Harry was tugged toward the Leaky Cauldron, where Angelina got some Butterbeers and led him upstairs to an unused bedroom. There, they sat on the bed and continued talking.

"Harry, I'm sure you are nervous about me leading you into a lone room in the Leaky Cauldron?"

"It crossed my mind," he chuckled.

Before he could say anything else, she took his and her drinks and set them down. Angelina then leaned over and planted her lips on his, giving him his third ever kiss.

*Sorry I haven't been uploading these other series. Been occupied with other things. I shall post when I can. Please Review, Favorite, and Follow! :)

*Also, I need some ideas on how to progress the story and maybe find a good solid ending. My loyal fans, give me your ideas please!

4. Chapter 4

Harry couldn't believe his luck! He and Angelina Johnson were kissing in a lone room in the Leaky Cauldron! Just a few hours earlier he and her were just cruising around Diagon Alley on a date and now, he was very close to losing his virginity. When she released from their embrace, she gulped and looked straight into Harry's green eyes.

"Harry, you know this is a date right?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"You know a Muggle dating rule about sex on the first date?"

"Somewhat," he admitted. "So that means we aren't?"

"Fuck the Muggle rules. We are going to have sex right here, right now."

"R-Really?" he asked shocked.

"Yes!" she said happily. "Are you a virgin Harry?"

"Yes," he said sadly.

"Don't worry, just do what comes natural to you. Have your way with me."

She kissed him once more before scooting to the middle of the bed where she laid down with her legs bent up. Harry quickly took off his shirt and let his Captain see his six pack and muscular torso. She wasn't that surprised by it since they were on the same team since his first year. He crawled over to her and went between her legs and looked down at her heaving chest.

"Harry, start with my breasts. Foreplay is something many guys enjoy before the main intercourse." he was a little nervous about it. "Don't worry, they won't bite." she giggled.

He took the bottom of her shirt and lifted it up over her head as he rose her arms. Throwing it to the ground, he couldn't help but stare at her purple bra, which covered her C sized breasts. He reached around her and undid the hook of her bra. Letting it slip off, her bare breasts were revealed to him and a sudden 'growth' came over him. They both looked down at his crotch and saw the bulge in his pants. Angelina smiled.

"Someone is eager."

"I-I've never done this before Angelina. It's all new to me."

"It's okay." she said as she laid down again. "Do what you want with them. Just treat my girls nice, okay?"

"Okay," he said nervously.

Very carefully, he grabbed both breasts and awaited for a reply from Angelina. Nothing came, meaning this wasn't a dream and she was indeed allowing him to do that to her. Coughing up his nerves, he continued by gently squeezing her breasts. "*So soft, so majestic.*" he thought. Harry massaged and squeezed them a few more time before Angelina started moaning. He never heard a girl moan before and he was worried that he was hurting her, so he stopped.

"Harry, what the fuck?!" she asked angrily.

"I thought I was hurting you." he said innocently.

"Harry, when a girl moans it means it feels good. If you were hurting me, you'd know. Now keep on massaging my boobs!"

Harry nodded and kept at it, getting turned on by her moans. After nearly two minutes of massaging her breasts, Harry decided to take it a step forward. He leaned toward her right nipple and gently began licking it with his tongue. Angelina moaned louder and asked him to do that more. He nodded and continued, switching between breasts within every few seconds. The more he licked, the harder her nipples got and that was when he got curious.

While licking her left nipple, he took his fingers and twisted her other nipple. This made her moan louder, but in a sort of painful way. He stopped, but Angelina said she liked it so he continued. Minutes passed before she wanted to progress. Having him stop, Angelina had him sit up and that was when he got nervous. Undoing his pants for him, Angelina got excited when she moved his boxers out of the way and his erected member popped out.

"Oh my!" she said, staring at his 7 inch shaft. "Never realized you were so... big!"

"Guess Quidditch isn't the only thing I'm gifted in, huh Angelina?"

"Obviously," she grinned. "Now, have you heard of a blowjob?"

"Yes, but never had one."

"Well, there's a first for everything."

She took his cock into her right and gave his length a nice long lick, ending at his tip. A moan escaped Harry's mouth and pleased Angelina. Grinning for what she had just

done, Angelina opened her mouth and slid his cock in slowly, letting him enjoy the feeling of his very first blowjob.

"Angelina, it- OH!" she shouted as his entire manhood was put into her mouth. "This feels so good! Merlin!"

As if possessed by a demon, she ferociously bobbed her head up and down as she sucked. Harry moaned louder and louder the more she blew him. He laid down and gasped, moaned, and made very peculiar movement. It was so incredible for him that he felt like he might lose control. For a few more minutes, she continued until he told her he was close. Stopping, she moved her head up and began stripping down until she was completely naked. After stepping out of her panties, she struck a pose.

"You like what you see Potter?"

"Yes... very much." he said quietly.

He scooted back up to the pillow and laid his head down. Angelina then began to crawl onto the bed, looking sexy as she did so. When she got to him, she positioned herself on top so that her pussy was centimeters from the tip of his cock. She teased him a few times before got restless.

"Come on Angelina!" he pleaded. "Take my virginity! Let's fuck!"

"As you wish, Mr. Seeker."

She lowered herself onto him and moaned as it entered her. Harry Potter had lost his virginity to Angelina Johnson, Captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch Team. The more she moved down, the better it got for him. When she was all the way down on him, he grabbed her ass with both hands and squeezed hard. Angelina didn't mind as she quickly began

to ride him, moving up and down on his dick. For Harry, it felt so good, so pleasurable that he wished it would never end.

"Yeah Harry. You like the ride your on?" asked Angelina seductively.

"Fuck yeah! You're so hot Angelina!"

"I know." she smirked.

Harry sat up and hugged her tightly as she continued to ride him. She moaned loudly in his ear, but it didn't bother him at all. Harry met her movements so that the pleasure was better for them both. He started kissing on her neck, even biting it and giving her a hickey. When he got faster, her breasts moved against his chest, making him even hungrier for her.

He moved his head against her boobs and was attempting to lick her nipples, but her movements made it hard to do so. With their movements, it got hotter and hotter, which is what Angelina liked during sex. Before long, Harry whispered in her ear that he was close. She allowed him, telling him not to worry. In one final movement, he came, unloading a floor off seed into her.

When it was all over, they dressed slowly, still admiring each others bodies. Once they were all ready, Harry started toward the door, but Angelina stopped him.

"Potter, this thing we just did. The fucking? Let's not tell anyone about this, including Fred."

"I thought you two never got together?"

"We didn't, but he is kinda obsessed with me."

"Well, you are sexy, so I can see why."

"Thank you Harry." she blushed. "Seriously though, tell this to no one."

"Sure. You can count on me. Also, what if I got you pregnant?"

"Don't worry, my Muggle mother gave me birth control in my 4th year, so I'm good."

"Okay,"

*Sorry I haven't uploaded in forever :P I try to upload when I can. Hope you like the chapter! If you have ideas and suggestions, let me know! Please Review, Follow, and Favorite!

5. Chapter 5

For over a month, Harry continued talking to Angelina, but neither talked about the passionate date they had. No one spoke of the date after it happened, but Ginny kept pestering him about it. Often she would ask if they had sex or if they kissed. Harry was getting more and more annoyed with her, so he would often go outside to get fresh air and silence.

Often at night, when Ron was fast asleep, he would fantasize about Angelina and masturbate to calm himself. The passion he had with her was perfect, majestic, and the best feeling he ever had. Deeply, he began caring for her. Even loving every aspect of her character. He wanted her again. He wanted to be with her, to hold her, to fuck her.

During the current morning, he couldn't get her out of his head, so he sat down and began writing her a letter. A somewhat sexual love letter. He was careful that no one else was around, especially the Twins. When he finished, he quickly made his way to Hedwig and attached the letter to her leg. She flew away and Harry began rereading it over in his head:

Angelina,

You have been on my mind so much lately. It has mostly been because of the date we had and the amazing sex we had. I can't get you out of my mind and it hurts to not think about you. My feelings for you are growing and I wish to spend more time with you, even when school starts back up. I want to hold you, to comfort you, and confess my feelings for you and I don't care what people think. I want to be yours and you to be mine.

Love, Harry

As she disappeared from his sight, Harry walked around some more and pondered. Going by the lake, she sat on the grass and picked a blade from grass. He crumbled it and kept admitting to himself that Angelina was a 7th Year and wouldn't be interested in him. Even if the sex was good, she wouldn't want him. He kept that in his mind as he thought what she would say when she read the letter.

"Hey Harry." said Ron, from behind.

"Hey mate. What brings you out here?"

"Bored. Plus mum just had me do dishes and I had to scurry out of there before she had me do anything else."

"Nice," chuckled Harry. "I saw the letter from Padma Ron."

"From last month?"

"Yeah. Did you ever write her back?"

"Multiple times. We've talked for nearly three months, but never got together for food or a drink."

"Why not?"

"I'm always nervous around her. She's a Ravenclaw and I'm just a Gryffindor."

"Ron, you are the Gryffindor Keeper!" shouted Harry. "You are strong, funny, and a good friend. She's be lucky to have you."

"I guess. What about you and Angelina?"

"How-"

"Mum told me when she talked to me about sex and that stuff."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Sure,"

"When her and I had a date last month, we..."

"What?"

"We had sex."

"Really?!" said Ron in shock, then a smile came onto his face. "That's fuckin' awesome mate! How was it?!"

"Good. Spectacular. Amazing!"

"Bloody hell. I hope I can get that lucky with Padma."

"Maybe. Whatever happened with you and Hermione? Thought you had a thing for her?"

"I do, but my feelings for Padma are stronger. Plus, Hermione is dating Malfoy. Sickening."

"I agree. How did those two end up together anyway?"

"Draco seduced her when she was dating Seamus. Been together ever since. Rumor is that she is pregnant with his baby."

"Of course. Must suck for Lucius Malfoy though." chuckled Harry.

"Yeah. He hates Muggle and Muggle-borns. Now, he's gonna basically have a half blood kid." laughed Ron. "So, what are Angelina's tits like?"

"Really Ron?" asked Harry seriously.

"Dude, we're guys! We talk about this stuff every fuckin' day!"

"True. Well, her tits are much bigger then you would think. They are magnificent!"

"And her ass?"

"So fucking big! I wanted to spank her over and over, but forgot. Heh." he chuckled.

"So, you think you and her might get together or was it a one time thing?"

"Not sure. I sent her a letter confessing my feelings about that day and my heart. I just hope she can accept it."

"I hope so too. Let's hope she can be easy with us during the Quidditch season. I wanna be Keeper again."

"Yeah, plus I'm the best Seeker Gryffindor has got."

"BOYS!" yelled Mrs. Weasley from inside. "LUNCH!"

The two laughed and headed inside, eager to eat some bologna sandwiches. After lunch, Harry sat on the couch and began reading an issue of Quidditch Weekly. Inside, it explained what was going on with the Chudley Cannons, Ireland, USA, and other teams. As he read, Ginny sat down beside him and inched close to him, almost cuddling with him.

"Hi Ginny."

"Hello Harry. How are you?"

"Fine. One of the players from the Cannons left due to his pay. Sad."

"Yeah, okay." she giggled. "You still haven't said anything to me about you and Angelina!" she pestered.

"Ginny, that is private information."

"But you told Ron! So, why can't I know?"

"Umm..." he thought about it. He had told Ron, so what would the harm be in telling his little sister? "Okay, fine! I will tell you."

He started by telling her how the normal date went and then got into the sexual stuff. She was a teenager now, so she the right to know that kind of stuff. Her face blushed every time she heard how pleasurable he made Angelina and desperately wished she could have the same experience. When he was done, he noticed that Ginny was speechless, bright red, and in shock.

"Oh my." she said shortly after. "All that?"

"Yeah," he admitted.

"Kinda... makes me horny Harry." she placed her hand on his leg and began rubbing.

He grew uncomfortable and moved away from her, displeasing her.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to take my virginity?"

"Ginny, I care about you. I really do, but..."

"It's Angelina, am I right?" she asked in an upset voice.

"Yeah," he said. "I have feelings for her and I don't really have any for you. You are a great girl, don't get me wrong! You're pretty, smart, funny, and such a nice girl. I know you'll find someone who will share their love with you and they will make you happier than I could ever make you."

"I see." she said angrily as she headed upstairs.

"Where you going?"

"I need to relieve my hornyness, so I'm going to play with myself! And you can't watch!"

The door slammed shut and Harry felt really bad.

6. Chapter 6

The next morning, Harry awoke to a taping on the window. Hedwig had a letter attached to her leg, which made Harry excited and nervous. He opened it, handed her a treat, and took the letter. Harry opened it was his fingers trembled. Soon, he began reading it.

Dear Harry,

When I got your letter, I admit that I blushed. I never knew a guy could have such deep feelings for me. Hell, Weasley didn't have feelings like that for me. Still, I am not sure if a relationship like ours would be approved by our friends and classmates. You are an amazing guy and great Quidditch player, but I'm not sure. I will be at Flourish and Blotts today picking up books and I believe Mrs. Weasley will too. Meet me outside and we can hang out for the day.

Signed, Angelina

Harry felt relieved and a bit scared. She had accepted and denied their relationship. He quickly got dressed and headed downstairs, where Mrs. Weasley was making breakfast.

"Good morning, Harry." she said cheerfully.

"Morning," he said frantically. "Say, are we going to Diagon Alley today?"

"Yes we are, as a matter of fact." she answered shocked.

"How did you know?" she read the letter Harry handed her.

"My dear, Angelina must be psychic. When we go together, you can go off and hang out with her as long as you get your school stuff."

"I will." he smiled. "Thank you, Mrs. Weasley."

"No problem Harry. Now sit down as I get the other boys and Ginny."

After breakfast, the family and Harry used Floo Powder to arrive in Diagon Alley, where it was bustling with shopper both old and young. After they did their business at Gringotts, Harry nodded to Mrs. Weasley, but saw Ginny give him an angry look. Shrugging it off, he headed to Flourish and Blotts, where he indeed saw Angelina waiting. He ran up to her with a smile on his face. Seeing him, she got excited too.

"Harry, so glad to see you!"

"You too Angelina! So, what ya wanna do?"

"Let's go in. Get a head start on your spending." she smiled.

Inside, it was as crowded as ever. Students buying books, adults buying books, it was really packed. From up the stairs, Harry saw an unfamiliar sight: Draco Malfoy. With him, around his arm, was Hermione, who was still their friend.

"Well, well, if it ain't Potter and Johnson. Here on a date?" he smirked.

"Wel-" started Harry.

"Yes!" stated Angelina. "We are here on a date for your information, Malfoy."

Harry looked at her with great interest and he felt himself get an instant boner. Hermione looked at them both and too was shocked.

"Well, congrats." said Hermione.

"Yes..." said Malfoy. "Come on, Hermione. I'll buy you that Quill you wanted." he said taking Hermione's arm and escorting her out.

"How the bloody hell can she stand an arse like Draco Malfoy?" Angelina asked.

"Beats me. Maybe he sweet talked her. Then again, for all we know, she just wants him to buy her stuff. Anything is possible."

"True,"

"So, what kind of books did you get?"

"Ah, ya know. The essentials. Standard Book of Spells Grade 7, some N.E.W.T books. Boring stuff."

"I gotta get the Grade 5 book and some other weird books."

"Oh yeah, you're taking O.W.L.S this year."

"Yeah. My dad told me about them. Said they are very hard."

"Depends if you pay attention in class."

"Do you?"

"Harry, I'm Captain of the Quidditch team! I HAVE to pay attention or McGonagall would kick me off the team!"

"Has she ever done that?"

"Not that I can recollect. Maybe."

"Hey, umm... do you ever think about... that day?"

"They day we had sex?"

"Yeah,"

"Yes... I think about it." she said, looking at the books on the shelves. "Do you?"

"I... err..."

"I'll take that as a yes." she laughed. "Bet you masturbate to that every night, huh?"

"Angelina!" he protested. "Stop embarrassing me!"

"I'm not. It's perfectly natural. Hell, I do it on occasion."

"Umm..." he began thinking about Angelina masturbating.

"Harry Potter, get that thought out of your head!" she laughed.

"Sorry, you told me that, so..." he laughed.

"So, the star Seeker can get a smile! I knew you had it in you."

"You think I'm a star?"

"Fuck yeah! You're much better then Chang, Diggory, and Malfoy put together!"

"You really think so?" he asked, blushing.

"Harry, even the best Seeker would look at you and be swarmed in jealousy!"

"Thank, Angelina. Never knew you were so... brilliant."

"Well, there's another thing you learned about me."

"What are you gonna do when you graduate?"

"Maybe become a professional Chaser. Maybe study nursing at St. Mungos."

"I thought you didn't want that?"

"I used to hate the idea, but some part of me really loves helping people. I wanna do that as a profession."

"Wow Angelina."

"You are awfully surprised by all this. What rumors have you heard about me?"

"I don't wanna say."

"Be truthful with me, Potter. I won't lash out at you. Promise." she smiled.

"Well, some girls have said you are..."

"Come on." she persisted.

"Stuck up, bitchy, bossy, arrogant, among other things."

"Well, do you agree with that?"

"No. Not at all." he smiled at her.

"I can be those things. Mostly around my fellow teammates, but not off the field."

"No one really knows the real you. I'm learning so much about you, it's crazy!"

"Same here Harry. So, you got your books?"

"Yeah, let's check out."

After buying his books, the two went to the nearby ice cream parlor and had a snack. Harry was fond of Vanilla and Angelina loved Strawberry.

"So, would this count as a second date?" Harry asked nervously.

"In a way, yes." she admitted. "And no, there isn't gonna be any sex on this date."

"Okay," he said, feeling down. "So, why did you tell Draco we were dating?"

"Just to get him off our backs. Do you think we're dating?"

"I... uhh..." he scratched his head and couldn't say anything.

"Harry, I'm still not sure. I have known you since your first year, but I don't know you deeply. After I know you more, then maybe. Still, you are cute." she winked at him.

"Thanks," he blushed. "I... think y-y-you're... beautiful." he stuttered.

She took his hand and held it romantically. He grew super nervous as she leaned in and kissed him on the lips. It lasted just a few seconds, but it felt like an eon.

"Thank you Harry."

*Sorry this is mostly a talking chapter. I wanted this to be a "Get to know you" chapter. Please Review, Follow, and Favorite!

7. Chapter 7

Finally, the day had come for the adventure to Hogwarts. For Harry, he couldn't be more excited. Not only was Hogwarts a second home to him, it meant that he would be able to see Angelina every single day. After their second date, he couldn't get her out of his head. That last kiss still left a warm feeling on his lips and he couldn't have been happier.

Aboard the train, Harry bid farewell to the Weasley's and found a compartment with Ron and Hermione. The only one they could find had Ginny and Neville in it and they were all good friends. What Ron didn't like was that the two were dating. He never thought Neville had a thing for his sister and was very shocked when Ginny announced it over the summer. She still had feelings for Harry, but was still cross with him after the talk the two had.

"Good holiday Neville?" Hermione asked.

"It was fine." he said. "Gran and I visited my parents graves last week."

"I'm sorry." said Ron sternly.

"How long has it been now?" asked Harry.

"Five years." said Neville sadly.

There was a knock on the compartment door and Angelina stood there. Harry's heart leaped forward and he gulped hard.

"What does Angelina want?" asked Neville.

"Probably wants to talk to Harr- ow!" yelled Ron as Hermione kicked his leg. "I need that leg, ya know!"

"Ronald, shut up!" said Hermione angrily.

"Why she want to talk to Harry?" asked Neville.

"Quidditch business." Harry said quickly as he got up and the two walked away.

Angelina lured him to a corner where they were alone. She pinned him against the wall and began making out with him. The feeling of her lips against his was soothing, almost gazing. His hands touched her thighs, but she didn't move. He hugged her tightly and they got really into it.

"Angelina," Harry said between kisses. "What's this all about?"

"Get a room, you two losers!" said a voice from behind them.

Angelina moved away and saw Draco Malfoy with Pansy Parkinson, Vincent Crabbe, and Gregory Goyle. Pansy looked at them in disgust.

"This makes me sick!" she shouted. "Why would you wanna be with HER?!"

"At least I'm more attractive then you, Parkinson." said Angelina.

"As if! Plus, I have a man." she held Draco's arm. "And I bet ten Galleons that he is twice the man that Potter is!"

"Wanna make something of it, you Slytherin bitch?"

"Don't test me Johnson! I'll wipe that smirk off your fat, fucking face!"

"What is going on here?" asked a strict voice. It was Professor McGonagall.

"Professor," started Draco 'innocently'. "Potter and Johnson were in that corner, making out and causing so much noise."

"Is this true, Ms. Johnson?"

"We were here making out," Angelina admitted. "but we weren't being noisy. Draco came and wanted to start something."

"Be that as it may, I expect you not to do any of that romance stuff on the train. There are First Years and they shouldn't be exposed to that. Not yet anyway. Go back to your compartments and stay there until we reach the school. And Ms. Johnson?"

"Yes?"

"Don't let me catch you using that foul language again. Understand?"

"Yes, Professor."

When McGonagall and the Slytherins left, Angelina laughed.

"What's so funny?" Harry asked.

"Just thinking of how I'm gonna get back at Parkinson."

"Any ideas?"

"A few, most involve putting unpleasant creatures in her underwear drawer."

"That is funny." Harry chuckled.

"Yeah, well, anyway... I gotta run." she said. "See ya at the feast."

"Yeah... see ya later Angelina."

She gave him a deep kiss before heading back to her friends. Bathing in the epic make out session, Harry returned to his compartment to find that Ron was missing.

"Where's Ron?"

"Went out a minute after you left." said Ginny.

As he sat back down, Ron came back into the compartment and was smiling, but awkwardly. He sat down by Ginny and stared at the ceiling.

"Ron?" asked Neville. "You alright mate?"

"Fine..." said Ron calmly. "I just now know what being blessed feels like."

"Does this involve Padma?" Harry asked.

"Indeed," Ron smiled.

"What happened?" asked Hermione.

"Well..." started Ron. "I went by her compartment to talk to her... right in front of her friends. I got a moment alone with her and after talking, she kissed me on the lips. THE LIPS! After that, I asked if she wanted to be my girlfriend and..."

"AND?!" they all asked.

"She... said... yes!"

"Good show Ron!" said Neville.

"Congrats mate!" said Harry.

"I'm happy for you." smiled Hermione.

"Actually, you're the only one without a man, Hermione." stated Ginny.

"I don't want a man." Hermione admitted. "I'm... into girls."

"Oh," Ginny blushed.

"Since when?!" shouted Ron.

"Third year. Between Harry and... um... Lavender Brown, Parvarti, and others, I found them far more attractive. Sorry Harry."

"That's okay." smiled Harry. "Whatever makes you happy."

"Wait, who's Harry with then?" she asked.

"Well, I'm not with anyone, but me and Angelina have been talking."

"Angelina Johnson? That smug, spoiled bitch that you call a Captain?!"

"Hermione, she isn't like that at all! Once you get to know her, she's... really nice and thoughtful."

"I'll believe it when I see it." she said angrily. "Still, you could do better."

"Going off the topic of my love life, you got any eyes for a certain girl?"

"Lavender Brown. She is really hot."

"There is more to liking someone than looks." said Neville.

"True, but I gotta have her!" said Hermione loudly. "Lavender Brown will be mine and if any man or woman steals her away, I'm gonna hex them until I see blood!"

"A little dark, but whatever makes you... happy?" wondered Harry out loud.

"Hey, I gotta head back guys." said Ron.

"To Padma?" asked Ginny. "Why?"

"She wants her friends to get to know me. I'm not good around new people."

"You'll be fine." said Harry. "Just wait til you meet her parents."

"Don't say that Harry!" he shouted as he left.

With that, Harry and the others laid back and fell asleep, getting rest before arriving at Hogwarts.

*Hope you liked this chapter. And please don't hate me because I changed Hermione into a lesbian in this. I like to change characters with each new fanfiction. For better or worse. Please Review, Follow, and Favorite :)

8. Chapter 8

As they all finally arrived at Hogwarts, the carriages were awaiting them as the First Years went to the boats with Hagrid, the Keeper of Keys. On a carriage in front of them, Harry saw Angelina. She looked at him and smiled sweetly. He spaced out, gazing at her beauty. Ron snapped him out of it and they got on their carriage, eagerly waiting to get to the school.

When they finally arrived, all the students traversed into the Great Hall, where they saw the staff sitting at the front tables. Professor Dumbledore was in the center and all the other classic teachers were talking to each other. Harry sat by Ron and Hermione sat across from them with Ginny and Neville on opposite sides of her. He looked over and saw Angelina smile at him again. What was more shocking, was that she came and sat down right next to him.

"Hello Harry." she said nicely.

"Hey, Angelina. How was the rest of your train ride?"

"Fine. Wasn't that fun without a certain someone by my side." she winked at him, causing him to blush.

"Ssssssh!" insisted Hermione. "Dumbledore is about to speak."

"Welcome back students. And to our First Years, welcome. Before we get the sorting done, I have a few words. First, as with every year, Mr. Filch has asked me to remind you that the Forbidden Forest is, of course, forbidden. Second, Quidditch tryout will begin a week from today. Lastly, I like Lemon Drops. Thank you."

After McGonagall got done Sorting the new students, the feast began. Ron pigged out on some juicy chicken and pasta, while Hermione just stared at him, disgusted by what she was seeing.

"Ronald, you are the messiest eater I ever saw. So glad girls don't do what you do."

"What?" said Ron innocently. "I'm hungry!"

"Are they always like this?" Angelina asked Harry.

"This is them on a good day." he joked. "Bad days are much worse."

After the feast, the older students walked around, getting reacquainted with the school. Angelina was overlooking the floors to the school and Harry joined her as Hermione ran to Lavender and Ron walked with Padma.

"Everything okay, Angelina?" he asked.

"It's fine. Just been thinking a lot."

"About us?"

"Mostly,"

"I've been thinking about us too." Harry admitted. "And... if you don't want to be together, It's okay."

"It's not that Harry." she turned to him. "I'm not sure that I want to be in a relationship right now. I mean, we can... do other things."

"What you have in mind?"

She closed in on him and grabbed his crotch, instantly giving him his answer. Angelina let go and dragged him to a closet and didn't hesitate in kissing him, almost forcefully. Harry's hands went all over her body and she just smiled. When he got to her breasts, Angelina removed most of her robe and shirt so he'd have access to her cleavage. He opened her shirt and grabbed her breasts, covered by her bra.

"Merlin... I've missed this so much Angelina." he said as he removed her bra and began suckling on her nipples.

"I've missed this too Harry." she whispered as she ran her fingers through his jet black hair.

He lifted her up onto a crate and started kissing her belly as she took her shirt and bra off. Harry looked up at her and smiled. Angelina helped him in removing her skirt and he quickly removed his pants, freeing his erection. She took her hand and began stroking him as he gently felt her smooth skin, getting hornier by the second. And it clearly showed.

"You wanna fuck me, don't you Harry?" she teased.

"I do Angelina. I really do. You're so beautiful."

"Aww, thanks Harry." she said before kissing him.

Moving a bit of her panties out of the way, she invited him in. He came at her like a lion attacking a gazelle and felt wonderful as he planted himself inside her. Angelina laughed to the fact that he was so sex hungry for her.

"So big Harry. I nearly forgot how big you were."

"Yeah? Well, I'll give you a reminder." he grinned as he began thrusting.

Angelina laid her head down and moaned loudly as she was being pounded. Her body shuddered and it was very pleasurable. Her legs wrapped around him and this kept him in her, much to both their pleasure. Angelina pulled herself up and put her arms around his neck, deeply planting her lips against his as he fucked her.

"Yeah Harry!" she panted. "Fuck me! Baby, oh fuck! Oh, Merlin!"

Soon, Angelina herself felt herself getting close to an orgasm, so she had him stop. He moved back as she got off the crate, turned around, and bent over, spreading her legs. Harry licked his fingers and slid them against her pussy, making her quickly moan. Then, positioning himself, he began to fuck her again.

"Harder Harry. Punish me for being so fucking horny!"

"Oh, I will Angelina. I'll punish you, you bad girl!" he said before spanking her.

"HARDER!"

Another slap and she was in full sex rage. He held her sides and went as fast and hard as he could. She held onto the crate as he went wild with her. His hands were loose and he reached around, squeezing and playing with her tits.

"Why are your boobs so damn soft, baby?" Harry asked her quietly.

"They're soft only for you." she said happily.

After a while, Harry had been going so hard and fast, he ignored her yelling that she was close to an orgasm. Finally,

after one final thrust, Harry felt some more wetness and saw she had reached her limit.

"Sorry Angelina." he said, embarrassed. "Kinda lost control."

"It's okay Harry. Now, it's your turn to cum."

She had him move out of her and she quickly went on her knees, grabbing his cock and placing it in her mouth. Moving back and forth in her mouth, Harry remained quiet, silently being pleased by the way Angelina sucked him. Before long, Harry shuddered and moaned as he got closer and closer. Finally, he blew his load in her mouth.

He looked down and saw lots of his sperm oozing out of her mouth. She swallowed every bit of it and even finished licking up the rest of it that was on his cock.

"Delicious," she smiled.

After they were finished, they started putting their clothes back on when Angelina realized something.

"Shit!"

"What is it?"

"McGonagall wants to speak to me about Quidditch season. You know how she gets when she is kept waiting!"

"Understandable,"

"I have to see McGonagall before going back to the Common Room! Fuck!"

"It's okay." he assured her.

"She's gonna have my head! I've kept her waiting! I-I'm sorry, but I have to go!" she said before kissing Harry and leaving.

Returning to the Common Room, Harry saw Ron organizing his Wizard cards and Hermione was making out with Lavender Brown, who was on her lap. He sat on the floor next to Ron, who patted his shoulder.

"Where were ya, mate?"

"With Angelina. Spending some time with her. How did..." he looked over at his best friend making out with Lavender.

"They end up like that?" laughed Ron. "She cornered Lavender and confessed her feelings. Turns out, Lav is bi. Thus, she and Hermione are dating now."

"And she is a great kisser!" said Hermione, who came up for air, away from Lavender's lips.

"Oh, you." squealed Lavender. She smelled the air. "What's that smell?"

*Hope you enjoyed this chapter :) Stay tuned for more! And if you have any ideas for this or any of my other unfinished stories, let me know! Review, Favorite, Follow

9. Chapter 9

"WHAT?!" shouted Harry that night.

"Yeah, it's just a rumor. Not true at all." said Ron.

"So, Malfoy and Hermione never dated?"

"Nope!"

"So, no potential baby?"

"Nope! Everything we thought about her was wrong. She's into girls."

"I could tell by the way she and Lav have been snogging."

On their way to their first class, Harry bumped into Angelina, who smiled at him and gave a quick kiss towards him. He blushed brightly, which Ron saw.

"You like her, eh, mate?"

"W-What gave you that idea?"

"Harry, I've been your best bloke for years. I know when you fancy a girl. And Angelina is very attractive."

"You're not upset?"

"Why would I be?! She's a pretty girl."

"Well, because of... you know."

"I know what?" he thought about it for a minute. "OH! Harry, I'm not racist! Anyone should be able to date anyone they choose! Whether they be white, black, purple, red, or even green! Don't let anyone tell you different!"

"Thanks Ron." smiled Harry honestly. "You always have words of wisdom."

"Anytime, mate."

In their Doubles Charms class with the Ravenclaws, Harry was getting sleepy from Professor Flitwick's lecture about the year. He kept himself awake by Ron pushing him, but that still made Harry daydream. In these daydreams, he would see Angelina, naked and smiling at him. Moving her hands all over her nude, smooth body. This would often give him an erection, which he attempted to hide.

"Mr. Potter!" shouted Flitwick.

"Err, yes?" said Harry grogily, snapping out of his day dream.

"Since you were so kind to join us, please tell me... What important event is happening for you 5th Years?"

"Err..." he said as Hermione's hand shot right up.
"Quidditch?"

A few people laughed.

"5 points from Gryffindor." said the teacher. "Ms. Granger?"

"We will be taking our Ordinary Wizarding Level exams this year, or O.W.L for short." said Hermione proudly.

"Good work Ms. Granger. Mr. Potter, you see that ms. Granger helped you out in gaining back those 5 points. Next time, I'll take off 100 if I see you daydreaming again."

"Yes sir," said Harry sadly.

In Transfiguration, Harry was sure not to sleep during McGonagall's class. She was as strict as they come, but she

was a respectful person in her own right. While he didn't day dream, he did think about Angelina as the Professor was talking. Still, he managed to get through the class without alerting her.

Double Potions with the Slytherins wasn't any better then Charms. Professor Snape was making them make complicated Potions all throughout the year. Harry wasn't the best at the class, but he wasn't horrible, unlike Neville Longbottom. Neville was the worst and Snape always went on his case about it. For this class, Snape had a Gryffindor sit next to a Slytherin. Harry was partnered with Crabbe, one of Draco Malfoy's dimwitted lackeys.

After class, Harry headed to the boys bathroom and entered one of the stalls. He dropped his pants and began stroking himself, imagining Angelina doing all kinds of things to him. After relieving himself, he proceeded to the Dormitory, since classes were over. Once there, he ran into Angelina, who was reading an issue of Witch Weekly. He sat down next to her and cleared his throat.

"Hey, Angelina." he said nervously.

"Hey Harry. How was your first day back?"

"Fine. Wasn't too thrilled about having class with a bunch of Slytherins, but I managed. Yourself?"

"Same old, same old. Nothing too special." she looked at him. "Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"Look, I know we've had fun a few times these past few months, but we have to be careful here at school. I mean, I

like you, but I just don't want anyone knowing about us. Does that make sense?"

"Yeah, it does." he admitted. "But why do you care what they think? Is it your parents?"

"Harry, I told you a few times already, my parents don't care if I date a white guy. I've done it before. It just that I know a few people here who are extremely racist and I don't want the entire school to side with them."

"I see." said Harry as he looked down. "So, you're scared that if people know about us, you'll be tormented by people that don't understand?"

"Yes!" she said happily. "I'm so glad you understand Harry! Look, I really do care about you and us. I'd really like to be with you, honest!"

"It's okay Angelina." he smiled as he touched her hand. "Personally, I don't care what people would say if they knew. Truth is, Ron knows about us."

"RON?!" she yelled as she pulled away.

"He's my best mate and I couldn't hold it in."

"Well, what did he say?!"

"He's happy for me. He doesn't care what color a person is. As long as they are happy, he's happy."

"Awwwww," smiled Angelina. "That's so sweet of him!"

"Yeah," chuckled Harry. "Ya know, I... enjoy our... moments together."

"You mean the sex?"

"Yeah," he admitted. "Do... you enjoy it?"

"Harry, I do enjoy it when we have sex, but you know its only been a few times, right?"

"Yeah, I do. I'm hoping we could maybe do it more times."

"We will, soon." she assured him. "When I'm ready and we start dating, we'll do it every freaking night if you want."

"Really?!" he asked happily.

"Yeah, but all I ask is that you give me time. I have a lot of things going on."

"I will Angelina." he smiled. "Promise!"

As he said that, the Weasley Twins came into the Common Room, drunk off their ass'. Angelina's smile went to a frown and she rolled her eyes. Within just a few seconds, she was taken back when both Twins fell to the ground, knocked out by their own drunkenness. Harry shook his head.

"Why am I not surprised?"

"I'll say." said Angelina. "Come on, let's get them to bed. "I'll take George."

"Right,"

When they got the Twins to their beds, they met at the door to the Dormitory. Angelina held Harry's hand and looked at him with seriousness.

"Remember what I said about us Harry? I need time."

"I heard you Angelina. Don't worry. Only Ron knows about us and I won't say a word. Take as much time as you need."

"Thank you Harry. Your patience is something I love about you."

"And not my increasingly good looks?"

"That's the second thing I love." she laughed.

They stared into each other before slowly embracing in a kiss. He held her tightly for a few seconds before the two went to their own Dormitories. Fred may have been drunk, but he was sober enough to see the romance blossoming between Harry and his ex-girlfriend.

*Hope you enjoyed it! Maybe a Love Triangle? Review, Favorite, and Follow!